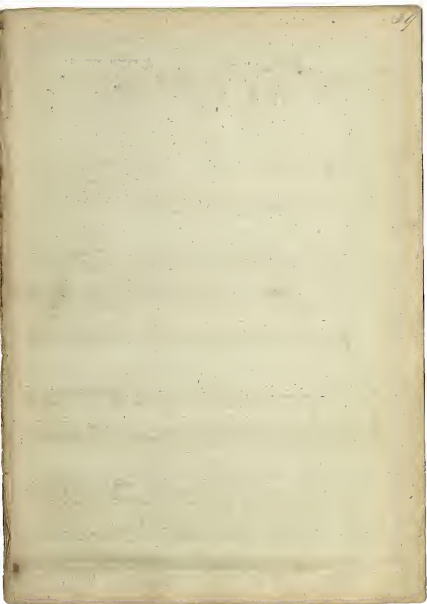




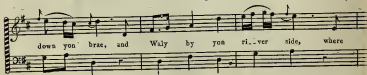
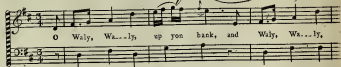
WALY, WALY,

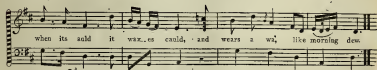
A Favourite Old Scots Song

With much Approved of Alterations *By*

Rob^t Riddell Esq^r of GLENRIDDELL *pr. 6*

Slow



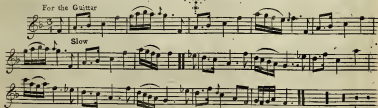


I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree!
But first it bow'd and sine it brak,
And ae did my fause love to me.
When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;
When frost and snaw shall warm us a,
Then shall my love prove true to me.

3d

Now Arthur's feat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be fy'd by me;
S! Anton's well shall be my drink
Since my True-love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
And tak a life that wearies me?

For the Guitar



'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blowing snow's inclemency,
'Tis no sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad in velvet black,
And I my self in cramasie.

5th

But had I wist before I kiss'd
That love had been sic ill to win,
I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,
And pin'd it with a silver pin.
Oh, oh! if my young bahe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
For maid again I'll never be!